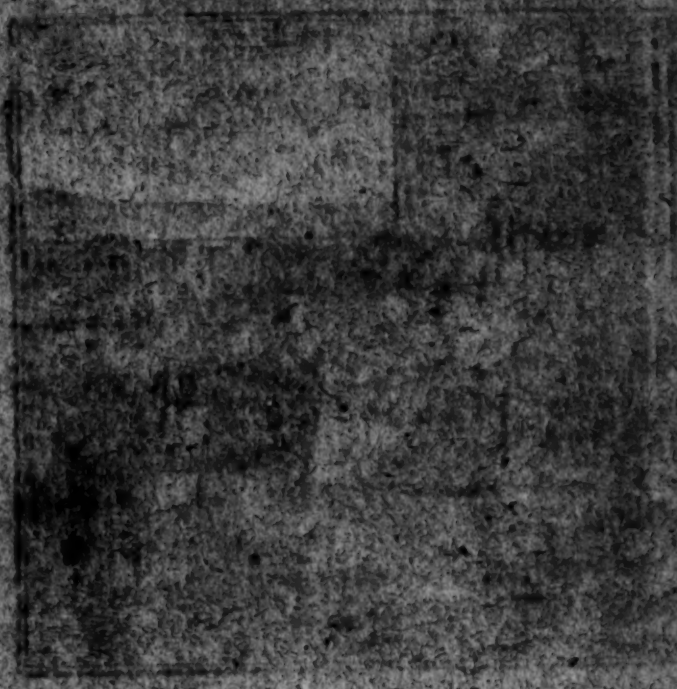

THE

BAKER'S DREAM, &c.

AM a widow woman, my husband was a baker; and since his death I have carried on his bu- ſi; every body who has passed through the ge of Weston must know my house: my shop e best accustomed of any in these parts, and ſed to be proud to say, that few of my cal- could count guineas with me; but of late e I have had a wonderful and surprising dream, ave begun to think that those who are wise ead of hoarding and scraping here on earth, lay up a treasure in heaven, where, as the ptures say, "Moth nor rust do not corrupt, ther do thieves break through nor steal."

Now

Now, I dare ſay, that all well inclined [illegible] will ſeek to know what this dream was, which wrought ſo mighty a change in me; for, neighbours ſay, from being a hard dealing worldminded woman, I am become quite another and am now as kind to the poor, and as good a church goer as any in the parish.

Well, but now to return to my dream, and to let you know the occaſion of it. Juſt on our village, down in a kind of bottom, is cottage of old Suſan Yap; ſhe had been a working woman in her time, and had reared large family with credit; two of her lads gone beyond ſea to fight for their country, and of her daughters was married to an honeſt bourer in our village, as tidy a woman as m be ſeen, but ſhe had five ſmall children, could ſpare but little to ſupport her old mo Suſan had alſo had other children, but it ple God to take them from her juſt at a time they might have been comforts and ſupports to ſo the poor woman was left to do as well as could for herſelf; and very well ſhe did for ſelf, conſidering ſhe was ſo very old and had ways been rather a ſickly woman, although had never given way to much complaining. uſed to earn, I think, it might be about two lings a week by ſpinning, which was all ſhe not counting a few ſhillings a year which curate of our pariſh uſed to give her, w helped her on with her rent.

Sufan
loaf I
into the
orſe for
I have been boarding and ſcraping, when,
, would ſhe have been the worſe for a few
e given to the poor? but, foolish and wicked
an that I was, inſtead of being Sufan's friend
and then, I uſed to give her her bread under
t, and if there was a batch of bread browner,
orſe than the reſt, ſhe was ſure to have ſome
; for I was uſed to ſay to myſelf, Sufan has
ne to right her if ſhe is wronged.

ell, at length the hard winter of ninety-
came, and poor Sufan fell ſick, her eyes
me dim, and ſhe could work no more, for
Giles, her landlord, ſeized ſome of her goods
ent, and ſhe was left almoſt bare. Never
ſee poor creature in a worſe plight than ſhe
owards the end of the winter! her houſe was
tters and dirt, for ſhe, poor ſoul, could not
o clean it as ſhe had been uſed to do; the
and rain had made way through the thatch,
the windows were broken, for farmer Giles
he would do nothing towards the repairs, for
d no chance of more rent.

e old woman herſelf was all rags, her ſkin was
elled ſo that you might count every bone,
eyes were red, her teeth chattered, and as

my

my daughter would often say when she came
bling to our shop, she looked for all the world
a witch; I had not taught my daughter so
speak grey hairs, and I was even so wicked
to join with her in the laugh against old
san.

I think it might be near Lady-day, whe
was standing at my door about four o'clock
the afternoon, I saw six men going towards
church, carrying a plain deal coffin on their sh
ders, and who should follow but Susan's dau
ter and son-in-law, with three of the little gra
children, crying as if their hearts would bre

"What," said I to farmer Giles, who came
just at the time, "is old Susan Yap dead?" "H
you not heard of it?" said he; "we have
rid of the old woman at last, and I am glad
it, for I had no chance of my rent, and I co
scarce for shame turn her out, and yet w
had such a poor old soul to do here on ear
she was quite past her work."

"Farmer Giles you have a good riddan
said I, "who is to pay the burying expence
"Why, as to that," he said, "the old wo
had laid up a few shillings to buy her a co
for she used to say, I have never put the
rish to any expence as yet, and have never ta
that money which might be given to people
want it more than myself, and, with the bles

God, I hope when I die to have enough to
me decently in the ground."

Well," said I, to farmer Giles, "if the old
man's friends are satisfied it is well and
ood; but sure no one need see any thing
ore paltry than her burial; there is not a bit
an ornament about the coffin, and scarce a
lack gown worn on the occasion. When I
e I hope that I shall be laid a little more
ndsomely in my grave."

So ended our discourse about Susan Yap,
d I never thought more of her till I think
was the Sunday night after her burying.

I had spent a very merry evening, and had
ne to-bed not with my head full of good
ings, as must be the case of all people who
ve been to church and minded what they have
en about there, but full of worldly thoughts
what I should do the next day, and how
should contrive to scrape a few more pence
gether.

So I fell asleep, and about midnight I thouht
heard a very sweet sound like music afar
, and in an instant my room was full of
ht, and a very beautiful figure stood at the
ot of my bed, but its face was so bright that
could not look at it, and I covered my eyes
th my hands.

And

"You have not forgotten Susan Yap, it is s
who now stands before you; you treated me u
kindly while I was in this world, but I hav
forgiven you, and if you will repent of you
sins God Almighty will forgive you too.

"I was left a poor, old, and helpless w
dow, without friends, and subject to the scor
and contempt of my fellow-creatures; but i
all my troubles I prayed to God, and he se
his Holy Spirit to comfort and assist me, an
by his help I did that which was right, an
I have had a very great reward, much great
than I have deserved. My troubles only las
ed a few years, but my reward will last fo
thousands and thousands of years, even wit
out end.

"The very last time I left my cottage
came to buy bread of you. I was then all sk
and bone, my knees trembled, my eyes we
dim, and I was all over pains and aches. Whe
I had got my loaf home into my cottage
sat down in the chimney and strove to war
myse

elf, but my limbs could not be warmed by fire, for they were numbed by the palsy.

" When supper time came I tried to eat me bread, but my stomach loathed it, and could not swallow it: I then, for the first me in my life, longed for some of those e things which rich people have: I thought could eat a slice of cold meat, or drink a ass of wine; but I had no such things, and strove to be content; for I knew that God ould have given them to me if they had been ood for me.

" And now the night began to come on, d the wind to blow through the cracks in e wall, I had no candle in my house, for had spent all the little money I had earned buying bread, save what little I had laid to buy me a coffin, so I thought I would into my garden and fetch a few sticks to ake up the fire, I took up my crutch and ade shift to hobble to the place where I kept y sticks, and when I had put as many as I ould carry into my apron I was returning back, hen, behold, I saw that my neighbour Anews's hen had laid some eggs under the sticks, nd I said to myself, how I long for one of ose eggs; I think I could eat one nicely oiled with a little salt, and surely my neighour if she knew of it would not grudge an gg to a poor old woman about to die.

" So

" So I was going to take up the egg, whe
I called to mind what I had learnt in my cat
chiſm when I was a child, ' Thou ſhalt no
ſteal,' and again, ' Thou ſhalt not covet th
neighbour's goods,' and I left the eggs in the
place, and before I died I told my daughter t
carry them all to my neighbour Andrews, an
I thank God that I did ſo, for I have had m
reward for it.

" When I came back to my cottage I fe
into very great pain, my limbs were draw
together, my head ached, and I could ſcar
help crying for grief; for I was all alone an
periſhed almoſt with cold, I crept with dif
culty to my ſtraw bed, and there I laid f
about three hours in the dark, yet could n
ſleep.

" It was about nine o'clock when my daug
ter came down to ſee me, ſhe had put h
little ones to-bed and had made me a baſon
warm gruel, which when I had taken I fou
myſelf ſo comforted that I could not help than
ing God for his goodneſs to me, and as I kn
that I ſhould ſoon die, I thought that I wou
talk to my daughter, and give her a little go
inſtruction.

" Now I had always taught my children th
to ſerve God is the ſure way to be happy
the end, and that thoſe who are good to th
neighbours, and do their duty towards their fe
lo

w creatures ſhall find their gain after death, d when I had talked a little more of theſe ings to my daughter, ſhe knelt down by my ed-ſide, and ſaid a prayer to God to thank m for his goodneſs to us for having made out of nothing and given us the means, by oing our duty through the mercy of our Sa- iour Jeſus Chriſt, to be happy for ever and ever ter death.

"My daughter having finiſhed this prayer ft me, for ſhe had a ſick child at home, and would not ſuffer her to neglect her child on y account. All that night I lay in great in, I heard the wind howl and the rain beat on my cottage and I had no comfort but praying to God.

"It was day-break when my daughter came ck, I had been much changed during the ght by illneſs, and was than a dreadful object behold, for my eyes were ſunk in my head d I was unable to move my limbs; I lay in t ſtate till the next night, and then I ſemed fall into a kind of a ſleep, which came ldenly upon me, but this ſleep was death.

"And now the moſt ſurprifing part remains to told.

"When I awoke from this ſleep I heard the eteſt muſic that can be thought of, I opened my

my eyes and inſtead of lying upon a ſtraw bed i
a poor cottage, I found myſelf reſting upon a golde
cloud between two angels, who looked kind
ly upon me.

"And inſtead of having a wrinkled and d
formed body ſubject to pain and death,
found that I had taken a form like unto the an
gels, I ſeemed now to have become youn
again and exceeding in beauty any thing yo
have ever beheld.

"And the angels ſaid, 'bleſſed art thou fo
thou haſt gone through thy trials, thou ha
done thy duty on earth and now thou ſha
be happy for ever and ever; for God Almight
loves his creatures, as a father loves his ow
children, he ſent his only Son Lord Jeſu
Chriſt to die for men, and if they will bu
ſtrive to do their beſt he will reward the
with an exceeding great reward.'

"And I lifted up my eyes and my hand
toward heaven, to thank my God and my Saviou
for their goodneſs to me.

"The cloud on which I reſted went up throug
the air to a place brighter than the ſun, an
as we drew near this place I heard the voice
of angels and ſweet muſic, and they ſaid, 'ble
ſed art thou for thou haſt obeyed the com
mandments of God on earth, and now tho
ſhalt enter into the joy of thy Lord.'

"A

"And ſoon I beheld the gates of heaven ening to receive me into a place where ere is no mourning; but I dare not de-ribe what I ſaw within theſe gates, it hath not ntered into the heart of man to conceive the ys which God hath prepared for thoſe who erform his will. My huſband and my chil-ren who had died before me were reſtored to e in that happy place never to be taken om me again.

"And I ſaid to the holy angels that were ith me, what is there terrible in death, is it ot better to die than to remain on earth in at land of ſickneſs and ſorrow?

"And the angels anſwered, 'thoſe who are good ed not fear death, for death to them is a oſt happy change, but thoſe who have done , who have rejected the offers of Salvation ade to them by our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, muſt deed fear death, for after death they cannot pent; their portion will be in a lake burning th brimſtone and fire for ever and ever.'

"I have obtained leave to come and warn u of your evil ways, that you may turn unto od and that he may receive you into his ngdom."

This was the dream which I had, and whether it s really a dream or a ſpirit ſent from heaven, I will

will be warned by it, and henceforward tu
away from my evil courſes and ſtrive to d
that which is right, that by the means of m
bleſſed Saviour I too may go to that happ
place, which God has prepared for all tho
who love him and keep his commendments.

A LIST of TRACTS.

HISTORIES.

Madge Blarney, &c.
Delays are Dangerous.
The Affectionate Orphans.
The Wreck.
The Wife Reformed.
Betty Gillis.
Jeremiah Wilkins.
Murder in the Wood.
The Good Step-Mother.
Never fly from your Duty, &c.
The Two Couſins, &c.
The Honeſt Publican, &c.
The Pariſh Nurſe.

SUNDAY READINGS.

The Widow of Zarephath.
Ananias and Sapphira.
The Hiſtory of Samſon.
The Hiſtory of St. Peter the Apoſtle.
The Sowers. A Parable.
The Unfruitful Fig-Tree.
of the High Prieſt.
David the Choſen of God.
John the Baptiſt.
Prophecies relating to Jeſus Chriſt.
Sacred Biography. Part I. II. III.
Reflections on the Victory off the Nile.

POETRY

POETRY.

Richard and Rebecca.
The Good Aunt.
The Wanderer.
The Fatal Choice.
Easter Monday.
Mistaken Evil.
The Distressed Mother.
Elisha, &c.
Jack Flint the Soldier. Parts I. II. III. IV.

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